tions and decent wage and brought in a great mass of ignorant foreign labor. Lo! the descendants of this exploited group are the strikers of the present, and the policy of Frick is the policy of Judge Gary today. How far have we progressed in industrial policies since 1892? Are we not rather going round in a vicious circle?

We read much today of the need of the early teaching of history, but little of the necessity for that history to be broad and impartial, to omit prejudice and sectional hatred from its pages; and it is only through the teaching of such history that true knowledge of the world's events can come. All will admit that there are unfair laws, that the right of one day may become the wrong of another; but if youthful thought is to be commandeered and shackled, if present law is to be made supreme for all time, how can thought grow and evolve better laws? How futile it is to demand "respect and obedience to the President"! Any teacher knows that the only way to obtain respect and obedience from the young is to deserve that respect and obedience. A mere outward demand brings lip service only, and that is not the service that we wish from the future citizens of our country. Under the proper laws and with the proper judgment of our adult citizenship, the Presidents of our country will be deserving of respect in the future as they have been in the past. Our Washingtons, Jeffersons, Lincolns, our Clevelands, McKinleys, Roosevelts and Wilsons have all been deserving of respect and loyalty and are therefore enshrined in the hearts of our youth. If our future measures up to our past, our children will not have to be coerced into respect and obedience of our chief magistrate.

We should turn to fighting the menace of a restricted and kept education, as it were, such as is represented by so many of our corporation schools throughout the country. Exuberance and creative enthusiasm should be the soul of true labor, and such can come only through freedom and self-respect, through the jealous watchfulness of the laborer for his personal rights and justice. Such laborers can come only through proper education. It must be the kind of education that Walt Whitman pleaded for — "an education for life, immense in passion, pulse and power. Cheerful, for freest action formed under laws divine." It must be an education that passes beyond the fragile reason of men's minds to their passion, their passion for truth, for justice, for humanity. It must be the sort of education that Anatole France pleads for —"The Awakening of the universal conscience of mankind." It is in this ethical and emotional education, an education that arouses the heart and soul, that our future hope lies. Such an education is the most glorious task of mankind and it is the only hope that keeps us from despair for the future of humanity. It was such an education that Abraham Lincoln had — Abraham Lincoln who so often sadly declared that he had had no education. But in the poverty of his childhood he learned sympathy for the poor. In the great teachings of his mother and in his suffering over her death, when but a lad of ten, he learned that true greatness came not from material wealth, but from the soul. In his early manhood-love for Ann Rutledge he learned the beauty of purity and the immortality of all good. Women had a great influence upon his life. "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," he once stated. When a man of fifty, borne down by the weight of a nation's war trouble, he declared to a friend that his love for Ann Rutledge and her ideals had been one of the greatest guiding powers of his life. And though much of criticism and ridicule is spoken of his wife, Mary Lincoln, we know that often she was his wisest adviser and faithful friend. A self-educated man, he yet had some of the wisest teachers. These came through literature—the literature of the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Aesop's Fables, all of them great art and great ethics.

IT IS significant that today, when idealism seems to have received its death blow, Lincoln, the great idealist, is set before us in the apotheosis of art. We have him in poetry, statuary and drama. In the very beginning of the war, Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln's Walks at Midnight," picturing the great hearted President as pacing up and down the streets before the Illinois capital in agony of spirit over the suffering of the war-torn world, came to us. For the last two years London has been watching nightly with breathless interest the stages of Abraham Lincoln's great struggle in the Civil War, as depicted in John Drinkwater's play. And John Drinkwater's play was written from Lord Charnwood's History of Lincoln which came out but a few years ago.

Strange that so great a delineation of our great American should have been given by Englishmen!

Strange that all of London should have crowded an unknown suburban theater to its utmost limits for two years to witness the story of another country's struggle.

Strange that at such a moment the statue of another country's statesman should be unveiled in the greatest manufacturing center of England—Manchester, and that that statesman's speeches should be quoted so often in the public utterances of England's present day leaders!

And now John Drinkwater's "Lincoln" has come to America and is being played before crowded houses in New York and elsewhere.

As the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth draws near, newspapers and magazines are filled with descriptions and praise for this man who one time led the nation out of darkness into light. It is as though his spirit had come back to us, called by the great need of the idealists of the present. The seeming strangeness of John Drinkwater's play and its success, both in England and in America, are explained by the fact that the simple hearted Lincoln is given us simply and that his ideals of tolerance and freedom are portrayed as he himself lived them. He is indeed "the man pure in heart who walked with God" and, as such, he comes to us today in art. He brings us hope—the hope of true art which depicts in the imagination the beauty of the reality of the future. Lincoln in art today bids us be of good cheer, for the triumph of the ideal is sure and impossible of all defeat. This is the message of Barnard's mighty and beneficient figure crowning the industrial city of Manchester, England. This is the message of the magnificent memorial temple at Washington, standing there on the banks of the Potomac, at once a lesson and an inspiration for our present day legislators.

In the words of John Drinkwater's Lincoln:

"We will defeat treason. I will meet it with conciliation."

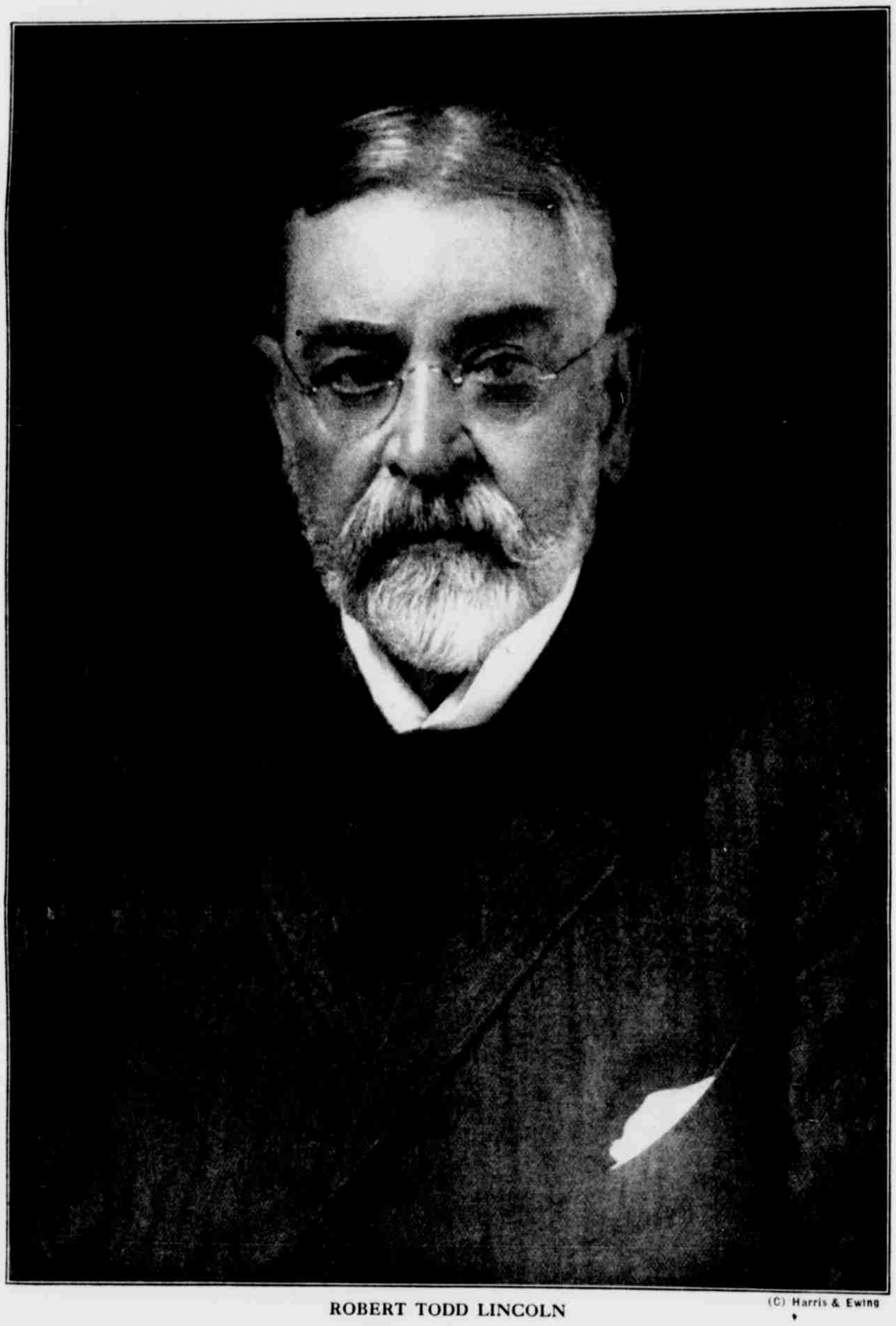
And when his opponents objected to this, calling it a policy of weakness, he replied: "It is a policy of faith. It is a policy of compassion. Why do you plague me with these jealousies?"

In his second inaugural address, made just forty days before his death, he declares what should be our present policy:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Our pledge today upon the battle grounds of the world should be the pledge he made upon the battle ground of Gettysburg:

"That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation (let us say: 'this world') shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."



ROBERT TODD LINCOLN

(C) Harris & Ewing

LINCOLN'S son still lives, a link with the past. But because he is Lincoln's son he has always with deliberation and consistency kept himself outside the wide circle of light which shines around his father's name. Others have written for us the life of Lincoln and others have interpreted his spirit. But some have always felt that Robert T. Lincoln knew his father best, because he was a growing boy when his father was an obscure Illinois lawyer. Lincoln junior was born in 1843, when Abraham Lincoln was a comparatively young man of 34, and had been a practicing lawyer only six years, and a married man one year. The son was 15 years old when his father made the afterward famous "house divided against itself" speech. He was 17 years old when the Cooper Union Speech was made. He followed his father's footsteps in the law, but by an easier path, going to Harvard Law School. He left his studies to serve as a captain on the staff of Gen. Grant, and after the war resumed his law studies, being admitted to the bar two years after his father was assassinated. Once he was mentioned for the Presidency but resolutely declined. He has never traded on his name or relationship. However, he has served several presidential appointments, once as Secretary of War and once as Minister to Great Britain. For thirty years he has been associated with the Pullman Company.

Whether he has prepared his recollections of his father to be published posthumously is not known. The world would welcome a picture of the Great Liberator as he appeared to his growing son. However to a request for an interview Mr. Lincoln replied, "I appreciate the kindness of the request, but you will excuse me from breaking away from my well established habit." Mr. Lincoln lives in Washington.